

7 Days

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Summary: OneShot. Time is a tricky thing. It's always the one in control, always taking charge, always changing everything. In the end, it's time that decides everything, even fate. And Sesshomaru, a demon untouched by the works of time, realizes just how much control something so trivial to him would have on the life he had chosen. To humans, after all, time is everything. Rin x Sess.

7 Days

It didn't seem like such a long time for him-demons, after all, lived in a place between time; unbound by the passing of the very time itself. But to humans, so fragile and weak, time is everything.

Sesshomaru looked up at the dark skies; a storm is coming and snow was about to fall. Winter has come and with it, memories that burned through the back of his mind, reminding him how truly mortal he was, despite the pure demon blood he held in such high regards throughout the centuries. The cold, blowing winds and the barren trees left but a dreaded silence. Every animal was gone and the very earth itself had fallen into deep sleep. And Sesshomaru? He stood amidst the seemingly decaying world, reminiscing what felt like just yesterday.

A week ago, he had found himself a new ward-a human child at the tender age of 7, orphaned and starved, with nothing to her name but the tattered clothing on her skin. To this very day, he still didn't know what made him save her; whether it was Tenseiga or his father's guidance, it mattered not. Despite all the trouble she had come with and the numerous times he had come to her rescue, he didn't regret his decision. In fact, he was thankful he listened to whatever force whispered him to do so.

6 days ago, Rin had grown curious and cheerful. What was, the day before, a mute orphan with nothing to live for, now was a beautiful

little girl that had admittedly lightened up his life more than he dared to admit. She was full of life and saw beauty in every little thing. She found reasons to laugh and smile, and although he might not have found humor in all the things she laughed about, he didn't mind. Sesshomaru, after all, loved the sound of her laughter. Little by little, he was tamed by this little human child, and before he even realized, she had become the most important person in his life, one he would give up the very power he sought all his life in order to protect. Slowly, the desire for power had become less and less of a priority to him. All the power in the world just wasn't worth the price of her life. Sometimes, on times he was brave enough to admit it to himself, he wondered if it was fate that his life made such an ironic twist, leaving him so attached to the one thing he used to hate the most.

5 days ago, Naraku was finally killed and the Jewel of Four Souls was finally destroyed. Life had gone back to normal-as normal as life could ever be for him. And Rin? He had decided to leave her in a human village after all. Despite his power and his strength and the dedication he dared not admit to anyone other than the very depths of his own soul, the ordeal of the child's second death left a pang of fear in heart that he could not quell. Him, the Lord of the West, feared the death of a mere mortal child. He almost wanted to laugh at himself out of spite, but of course, the great dog demon doesn't laugh. He knew he had enemies. His father had enemies that he inherited. He has an estate and lands to defend. His life was constant chaos, just how he liked it. A fragile human child had no place in his world and he couldn't bear the thought of her losing her last chance of life over a petty war over lands he frankly didn't care so much about. She was better off without it, for now, at least. Perhaps in time, he would consider taking her back to travel with him as his vassal, when she's much older and capable of protecting herself. For now, no matter how much he'd prefer watching over her, it was simply far too risky to have her so close to a feudal demon warlord such as himself. At the very least, he'd planned on visiting her often-if only to remind her he had not forgotten. And he never would.

4 days ago, Rin had turned of age. He barely even realized it until he had come on his usual visits, although this time, much later than he used to. He had been caught up with so many things; his palace was in chaos as his mother had recently made herself at home, demanding he choose a wife and provide a much needed heir. With all the wars and battles going on, the least he could do was secure an heir before dying off to battle, his mother insists. This, in turn, had caused a rather dramatic outbreak in his lands. Nobles, left and right, are sending their daughters off to meet him, regardless how many times he threatens their families and lands in an effort to scare them away. Some demons are just willing to risk so much for a chance on acquiring the title he wears over his head. But of course, Rin knew none of these. He didn't tell her, nor he did he intend to. After all, it was none of a human's concern. He need not worry her of details that even he didn't care at all about. But of course, she had found out anyway. Courtesy of Jaken who had needlessly spilled every twist and detail to the stories, Rin had now been acting strange around him-almost seemingly avoiding him with that look on her eyes that he felt so desperate to erase. Hell, even his damned half-demon brother is giving him a look of disappointment, which he would have loved to gauge out of eyes if he hadn't had much bigger problems to deal with. No matter how much he asks, the raven haired girl-or

woman—simply just won't admit what bothered her, as if he already couldn't tell she was lying whenever she said the overused word, "Nothing". She had always been a terrible liar, and she had that tell that whenever she lied, she couldn't seem to look the person she was lying to in the eyes. And when the demon prince had finally managed to corner her into honesty, she simply cried. What was he supposed to do? That was the first time she'd ever cried because of him that he knew of. And he was genuinely clueless how to deal with it, so he did what he remembered his half-brother used to do when his wife cried; he embraced her, letting her cry into his chest. He said nothing of it, offering no words of comfort, for he knew not what ailed her, and he was even less versed on what he could possibly even say. He simply let her cry, and apparently, that was enough. She calmed down, her sobbing, her petite figure on his arms wakening him up the realization that she had long stopped being a child. She was a woman now, and a beautiful one at that. Her long, raven hair that reached up to her waist, framed her small figure that, although small and petite, had just the perfect amount of curves and just at the right places. Her face was a detailed work of art. Ignoring her puffy, teary eyes, she had deep, brown ones that seemed to see right to his very soul, and pouty, pink lips that held his gaze for the longest while, causing a chaos inside him that he didn't quite understand. For a moment, everything felt like a giant blur as he gave in to the pounding on his chest and the painful longing in his mind. His lips pressed against her very own, silencing the small sobs that escaped her thinly parted lips. No words were exchanged, but then again, there was no need for it. That one action had answered every question he had and the ones that she had as well. It wasn't that he had no interest in choosing a mate and producing a new heir. It was that he had already picked one, long before he was even ready to admit to himself the choice he made a long time ago. How ironic. At the end, he had befallen the same fate he had despised his own father for, for centuries after his demise. Time, it turns out, likes to pair with fate in toying with the hearts of men.

3 days ago, the Western Lands were in utter chaos. Everything had fallen to place, just where Sesshomaru wanted them to be, and of course, not everyone in his council had approved his decision, causing havoc in his very home. But he didn't care. In fact, he had welcomed anyone who dared challenge his position and his rule based on their petty conclusions that wedding a human had made him weak and unfit for the throne, but of course, no one quite stepped up. No one would dare challenge the one of the strongest daiyokai alive in an upfront combat. Despite the number of people against him, none had the courage or the strength to stand up for their beliefs at the cost of their lives. And so life went on the way he wanted it, although perhaps, much less peaceful than he hoped it would have been. But his Lady didn't seem to mind. They had expected much worse, in fact, at the announcement of their decisions. Many had tried to convince the demon lord against his actions, bringing up the fall of his own father and his half-brother as exhibits as to why mating with a human can make demons so weak. But he no longer cared. For the first time since he had found out about his father's human mate, he understood his decisions. Whether he wanted it or not, there was nothing the Inu no Taisho could have done, for his heart had no longer belonged to him the moment he looked into that human's loving eyes. And Sesshomaru had fallen into the same fate. His decisions didn't seem to come as a surprise to his mother at least. In fact, it would appear that she had been expecting it. The events during his trip to the Underworld had made his decisions clear to her long before he

even knew it for himself. And so their marriage took place; a small, simple human wedding with very few friends and allies invited. Demons, after all, need not much formality in choosing a mate. Bedding and marking the women of their choice and a public announcement after was really all that was needed to affirm a Lady's position as the chosen mate. Only humans would make such fuss over something that should have been purely primal, but of course, he didn't complain. Rin wanted a ceremony, and so she would have it. The look in her eyes brimming with joy and happiness was all he needed as pay for what felt like slight embarrassment holding a show for humans to display his love. He was after all, a man of pride. But even so, Rin was more important than the pride he was so desperate to keep.

2 days ago, her screams filled his quarters, echoing even through the long, crowded halls of his palace. She sounded like she was in so much pain, and he felt so useless being unable to ease her suffering or even be by her side. Its been hours now, and nothing but her wails filled the air, his heart feeling tight inside his chest. For the first time, time felt long-longer than it had ever been, and mere minutes felt like hours, and hours, days. Finally, after what seemed like forever, the her pained cries had stopped, replaced by the wailing of a newborn infant. Inuyasha's wife had came running only moment later, barging through his chamber's doors, announcing the birth of his first born child. He was, of course, already on his way to meet his beloved Rin and their son even before the priestess had come to call him. Walking into her chambers, he was welcomed by the sight of his love with their child on her arms, smiling at him with that same, innocent grin that he had fallen in love with. And despite his half-demon nature, _Nagihiko_ was the perfect child the demon lord could ever wish for. Was this how his father had felt about the birth of Inuyasha?, he wondered. He sat on the corner of the bed, placing one hand on Lady Rin's cheek, and another on his son's, before leaning in to give his wife a small kiss on her forehead. This was the beginning of the rest of his life, and he eagerly looked forward to it.

Yesterday was a typical day. Nagihiko had grown to be a great warrior. Young as he maybe, he definitely inherited his father's skill in combat and his remarkable strength and power, much to Sesshomaru's pride. Despite being half blood like Inuyasha, Nagihiko looked so much more human, just like his father; his unmistakable aura, the signature, golden eyes, and claws in place of nails were the only tells that give away his demon nature. He is the perfect split image between the demon lord and his mother; raven hair, gold eyes, his mother's nose, and his father's lips. Despite the almost godly and immense powers from his daiyoukai ancestry, he held the loving nature and warm personality of his mother-a trait Sesshomaru was glad his boy had picked up from his mate instead. Nagihiko was wise for his age, and showed promise as a great leader; perhaps, even greater than the glorious Inu no Taisho had been. Rin, however, had gotten older. Looking at her now, although still as beautiful as the first time he had realized he had fallen fall her, her face is now lined with age. What had been raven hair is now gray, streaked with some remaining black strands that had held on to their color over time, and what was once smooth and silky skin, had become ridden with wrinkles and marks time left behind. She had long past her prime and time had began to claim her. Sesshomaru knew that it would only be a matter of time before he'd see the last of her smiles, and hear the last of her silly jokes. Alas, the life he had brought her back twice

before is running out, so painfully evident every time he looked at her aging body and his almost eternally young physique, seemingly untouched by time. For the first time in a what seemed to have been a long while, he had doubted his decisions. Life, as happy and satisfying as it had been for him, would seem so... empty soon enough. And he wasn't sure he was willing to feel that. What would his father had done, if he was granted the chance to live life with the human woman he loved? How would he have dealt with the inevitable loss of her?, he pondered. But sadly, the question remained unanswered, for the old daiyoukai was spared of his suffering long before it could even come. And for the a little while, Sesshomaru had envied his father's fate.

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><p>Today, he's standing amidst the dying garden of what used to be his old estate. The trees are barren of signs of life as their withered branches snapped against the blowing winter winds. The estate had long been abandoned; he had left the place sometime ago and surrendered the throne to his heir, who now reigns, not only the West, but the entirety of the lands in the country. His son had won over the East, the North, and the South only a short time after he surrendered the title to lands to him. He now rules an empire so big, Sesshomaru could feel nothing but pride that despite being only a half blood, Nagihiko had proven himself a prodigy in both worlds. His son had done what was deemed to be impossible; he was able to fully unite the humans and demons under one banner, working together as friends and allies under his reign and protection. What was once the Western palace is now completely abandoned, as Nagihiko had rebuilt the empire at the heart of the lands, right in the middle of all four territories.

Indeed, his mother had raised him well.

A gust of wind blew through his long, silver hair, a flake of snow falling on his cheek. The touch of cold to his warm skin broke him out of his deep thoughts, bringing him back to reality.

Ah, so the snow had begun.

He walked slowly, as if postponing it would somehow delay the reality that had long been decided. It happened each time he came to visit; somewhere in his heart, he wished all these was just a dream and that he'd wake up next to Rin, sleeping soundly right beside him. But alas, his wife had passed centuries ago, leaving nothing of her passing but a cold, stone grave, his beloved son, and the memories they shared forever burning at the back of his mind. Finally, he reached her grave, her name carved in stone that had long began crumbling back to earth. Silently, he knelt down, placing flowers he had brought all the way back from the South to the ground, hoping the vibrant colors she once loved so much would brighten the gloom that had taken over their old home.

Its been years and years since had last held her, and yet, here he was, seemingly untouched by time still, wandering the lands alone aimlessly as if waiting for his very own time to come.

He sat there for what felt like an eternity, just staring longingly at her decaying grave, lost in the memories of her he so desperately cherished. Finally, he stood up as another gust of wind blew, and

with it came the slow and gentle snowfall, announcing the arrival of winter at last.

Wait for me, Rin. I'll be coming back home to you soon.

End
file.